

A HOSPITAL IN ANOTHER WORLD?

Chapter 11

Judging by the seating arrangement in the hall, it was evident that among this group of people, the priest held the highest status.

With a firm command of "release," even the knights didn't argue; they grimly stepped aside. The restraints on Garrett immediately loosened, and he stumbled to his feet, nodding toward the priest in acknowledgment. Then, he scrambled on all fours toward the child.

"Hmph! How impolite..."

The knight scoffed. The priest interrupted in a hushed tone, "Don't speak, watch!"

Garrett's timing couldn't have been better. Just a few steps away, the boy whose neck had been cut woke up as if from a dream, limbs thrashing as he burst into tears. Though fierce, his crying produced no sound, which only heightened the child's panic. Tears streaming, body convulsing, he seemed on the brink of passing out again.

At that moment, Garrett rushed in. He threw himself over the child, pressing down on the legs to immobilize them. He then grabbed the child's arms, soothingly patting his face, repeatedly reassuring, "Don't be afraid, you're okay, you're okay... Just take a breath, and you'll be fine... Don't be scared, follow my breath, inhale... exhale... inhale... exhale..."

His voice transitioned from high to low, from fast to slow, filled with genuine concern. He managed to calm the child, who, with wide eyes, began to breathe along with him. Inhale, exhale, inhale, exhale...

Soon, the convulsions subsided. Despite the lingering neck pain, the child whimpered pitifully but appeared much calmer.

This wasn't in surgical texts or treatment manuals. This move was something Garrett's mentor in his previous life, an emergency department head, had taught him—when performing a tracheotomy without anesthesia, always pacify the patient afterward! Suffocating and suddenly having their neck cut, the patient's oxygen consumption skyrockets due to panic. Without proper reassurance, shock could set in any minute.

...And also, reassure the family and onlookers... Otherwise, while you put down the scalpel, you might end up beaten by a group of self-righteous citizens, or even handcuffed by the police. Better to anticipate these things. Garrett's thoughts swirled, filled with myriad emotions. It wasn't that he forgot his mentor's advice; he simply didn't get the chance before the knight sent him flying. Luckily, the knight showed mercy, refraining from killing him outright. Otherwise, he might have had to traverse once more.

Thinking of the knight, Garrett overheard him speaking behind him. The voice was hushed, as if whispering to the nearby priest:

"Can you save someone by cutting their neck?"

"...I've never seen this kind of treatment before," the priest replied. Perhaps due to being practitioners of magic, the priest's voice was serene and melodious, markedly different from the deep, gravelly tones of the knight. Even if Garrett had just met them today, he could easily distinguish their voices:

"But, he's quite confident. And the child isn't suffocating anymore. Despite the neck cut, there was no immediate gush of blood..."

Of course, not. I've been familiar with the anatomy of the neck since university. If, by some chance, he'd cut the carotid artery during the cricothyrotomy, I might as well have gone to meet my maker!

Garrett silently grumbled.

After comforting the child in his arms, he sighed with relief and straightened up. The priest had been watching with interest. When Garrett stopped, the priest couldn't help but ask:

"Is it all right now?"

"It's better," Garrett replied, slightly out of breath. Looking around, not finding what he sought, he knelt and shouted to the crowd:

"A tube! Sturdy and clean! —Quick!"

"Did you hear that? A sturdy tube! Clean! Hurry, find one!"

A deep voice responded. Garrett glanced and saw Uncle Edmund, the farmer who had welcomed them in, taking charge. With his command, seven or eight people dashed off, clearly off to find something.

Garrett felt a bit relieved. He turned to see the farmwoman, tear-streaked and hesitant, wanting to hold the child but afraid to. He sighed and gently asked her:

"When did the child start feeling unwell?"

"At dinner... then it got worse, and I..."

About an hour since the symptoms began. Garrett mentally noted the timeline and continued, "What did he eat for dinner? Drink? Anything unusual?"

"Black bread, beans... We all ate together, every day, never had issues before..."

"Did he touch anything unusual? Any painting nearby? Picked any fruits? Touched any flowers?"

Patiently, Garrett continued the questioning. He was used to investigating allergens—from diet to surroundings, asking about anything strange, whether they touched, smelled, or encountered anything out of the ordinary. Every detail mattered.

Once, when rescuing a severely allergic patient, they discovered the allergen was peach fuzz, brushed by as the patient walked past a fruit stall...

Allergic to peach fuzz.

Turning a doctor into a star detective.

Speaking softly, asking question after question, the farmwoman shook her tear-filled head. While asking, Garrett also kept half his attention on the child and responded to the priest's inquiry:

"Why do you need a tube?"

"To insert into the airway! —Where's the tube? Why isn't it here yet?"

"It's coming!"

Someone dashed out from the kitchen. With the left hand gesturing outward, signaling for space, and the right hand holding something aloft. Panting, they thrust it into Garrett's hand:

"The tube's here! Check if it's usable! —I cleaned it painstakingly!"

Garrett lowered his gaze. In his palm lay a chicken leg bone, cut at both ends to reveal the hollow interior. Glancing at the bone, he saw the marrow nearly

cleaned out from the center, allowing candlelight to filter through the other end.

...It'll do, makeshift as it is.

No sterile packaging, no disposable PVC tracheal tube, not even bamboo—probably not grown in this region—just a hollowed chicken bone. It would have to suffice for now.

Garrett shrugged. With a swipe of his thumb on the bone's edge, he furrowed his brow, then handed it back:

"The edge is too sharp. Smooth it out."

"This..."

Uncle Edmund hesitated. Someone delicately extended a hand, the priest taking the chicken bone from Garrett's palm and passing it over to the knight beside him:

"Roman, lend a hand."

The knight, Roman, frowned slightly. Without a word, he took the bone, using the pad of his thumb to rub the edge, then flipped it and did the same. Bone fragments fell, and the sharp cuts made by a kitchen knife visibly smoothed out.

Wide-eyed, Garrett couldn't help but exclaim softly.

Directly using his hands for it!

Thumb as a whetstone!

Just a gentle rub!

Are the knights in this world physically this powerful?

Before he could close his gaping mouth, the priest handed back the smoothed bone. While passing it, he curiously inquired:

"Insert into the airway? How? Why?"

"—Wow! It's actually going in!"
